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THE POOR OF PARIS.

THE poor of Paris. How many of the thousands who annually visit 'the city of palaces' ever attempt to lift the veil which obscures their existence from view? In London, whether you will or not, you meet with traces of poverty at every turn. You cannot promenade the most fashionable streets without stepping over the foot-prints of destitution. First, there are the living examples—the walking advertisements of misery. Then there are the special haunts of poverty in every parish. That narrow archway is apparently designed for the express purpose of excluding from the vision of the passer-by the picture of misery and squalor which lies within it. It might escape observation were it not for the stream of foulness which pours out of it, and, blackening all around, rushes into the thoroughfare, offending all the seven senses of the passengers. These are the standing monuments of poverty—the outposts of destitution. As if their appearance were not sufficiently uninviting to deter the most inquisitive from an exploration of their interior, you may almost invariably see stationed, Cerberus-like, at these archways one or two figures, whose repellent garb and repulsive countenances bid defiance to all intruders. Lastly, there are the broad acres of poverty—whole territories where raggedness and squalor reign supreme. Low small houses, narrow, dusty, ill-paved streets, peopled with tattered men and women, and unkempt, wild, shoeless children. These are sure indications that the destitution which elsewhere is but the fringe to the mantle of wealth, is here the cloak which envelops the whole corpus of society. At the corner of every street, a bright blaze of light discovers knots of dark, woeful-looking objects—degraded and dissipated atoms of humanity, drawn helplessly to their centres of attraction. Moth-like, they hover round; ever and anon they rush in to quaff the fire-water, and then they lurch to the outside again, and cower round the deadly light, as if waiting to make up their minds for another dash into the remorseless flames which are destroying

them. How that lurid glare lights up the picture! With what Satanic effect does it fall upon the poor lacerated bodies of the victims! In London, there is no possibility of delusion in the matter: there is destitution of the direst stamp. You see it, hear it, smell it, feel it. In Paris, what a contrast! In the streets, you see passing to and fro workmen in abundance. They wear rough clothes, it is true, but you don't see any rags. You peep into the cafés—there are coarse blouses inside, and their wearers are chatting and drinking their cup of pure red wine. What a difference there is between the scene inside a Parisian café and that inside a London gin-shop! Look at the cheerful countenances of the customers. How they seem to enjoy themselves! I don't say that there is no drunkenness in the Paris wine-shops; I know to the contrary; but what I do say is, that you do not, as a rule, see there the care-worn countenance and the ragged dress of the habitual drunkard. Drinking in order to produce stupor, seems to be in Paris the exception, in London the rule. Almost the only indication of the existence of real poverty which forces itself upon your notice is the wretched scavenger, ransacking with the end of his stick those little dirt-heaps in the gutter at the sides of the street. At night, you see him, if you keep a sharp look-out, shuffling along, lamp in hand, searching for cigar-ends with all the eagerness of want. The rapidity of his motion suggests a consciousness of his anomalous position.

The guide-books tell you that in the *faubourgs* you will meet with poverty; so you search accordingly. You look up at the houses, and find them nearly as high as ever: down upon the pavement, you see working-men passing and repassing in great numbers. They have the same rough clothes, and the scene around you presents an aspect of work, but not of destitution. There are plenty of coarse blouses, but no rags. The comparative absence of carriages, and of well-dressed men and women, the presence of some cheap clothes-shops, and a dull rusty look about the cafés, are almost the only indications which inform you that you have left behind the abodes of the bourgeois.

The difference between the outward aspect of the two cities is not, in all probability, by any means so bad a gauge of the respective economic conditions of their inner life as we might at first be led to suppose. There are not in Paris the shoals of hopeless, helpless creatures of misery which we have in London. There is not the absolute pauperism which we have. Of course, misery has her victims in Paris, as elsewhere, and we find there that every form of distress has its representatives. A glance at the manifold operations of that huge system of centralised charity known as the *Assistance Publique*, and which corresponds in a measure to our poor-law system, will exhibit the two facts side by side. How small are the wants of the poor is shewn conclusively by the returns issued by this department. Thus, it appears that in the year 1865 the total sum expended solely in the relief of destitution in the different *arrondissements* of Paris amounted to only 2,285,340-26 francs, or about L.91,050, and that this sum was distributed amongst no fewer than 122,322 individuals; so that the average relief per head amounted to 18-65 francs, or 14s. 10d. for the year. Nearly an equal sum of money is spent in medical relief, the treatment of *accouchement* cases, &c. The administration of relief to the *indigents* and the *malades* is kept entirely distinct, and if any individual be in receipt of both kinds of relief, the circumstance is a purely accidental one, and does not affect his treatment in either department. In each of the twenty *arrondissements* into which Paris is divided, there is a *bureau de bienfaisance*, which is presided over by the mayor of the *arrondissement*. These *bureaux* are the local bodies which take in hand the administration of relief, and the funds expended are partly derived from voluntary donation, and partly supplied by the *Assistance Publique*.

Fortified by an introduction to the mayor of one of these *arrondissements*, I started with a friend in the middle of April last with the object of exploring, if possible, some of the haunts of the distressed and the diseased. We were received with much civility by the secretary and treasurer of the bureau, who, after explaining to us the details of the system there pursued, finally referred us to the medical department. We found that there were three *employés* who conducted the affairs of the medical bureau. One of these remains in the bureau during business-hours, to receive applications and transact its business. The other two are employed in visiting the homes of those on the medical list, it being a rule, that each of these shall be visited once a week. The functions of these *employés* do, in fact, in a great measure correspond to those of an English relieving-officer. Through the courteousness and civility of these gentlemen, our request that we might be allowed to go his rounds with one of the visitors of the day was acceded to; and, after a short delay, we sallied forth in his company. Our companion had under his arm a most formidable bundle of papers, each about a foot square, and containing a printed form, to be filled up with the particulars of each case. There were in all forty-three of these papers, and this represented the number of households which it was his duty to visit during the day. We found this gentleman courteous and communicative, and, though not in receipt of a larger salary than a metropolitan relieving-officer—his salary was 2600 francs, or a little more than one hundred pounds—

he gave one the impression of a man who would move in a higher rank in society. Independently of his superior intelligence, the status of a French *employé* would, in all probability, make his social position very different from that of his English compeer. As he went from house to house, and asked the different necessary questions, he had rather the air of an almoner of voluntary charity—of which, indeed, the sum distributed partially consists—than of one whose business it was to detect imposture, and to spy out the resources of the recipients. We spent three or four hours in his company—including one hour for *déjeuner*—and during that time we visited twenty households. The work of a 'district visitor' in Paris is a much more formidable affair than that of the London visitor, from a physical point of view. Instead of passing in and out of small houses one or two stories high, he has to scramble up numerous flights of staircases, and often to climb up to the top of houses six or seven stories high. It is regular tread-mill work. '*Il faut monter jusqu'au cinquième*,' I recollect our guide saying with a sigh as we stood in the street, and he pointed out a window high up there over our heads.

What a tale many of these great old rambling houses could tell! They bear about them unmistakable marks of departed grandeur. Huge oak beams testify to the solidity of the buildings, which even now, bowing and bowed, seem to laugh their defiance at Time, and to claim their own aristocratic superiority amid the democratic spoliation around them. In London, petty speculators have run up small house-property, and that of the worst description, on purpose for the working-classes. In Paris, the labouring-classes, driven out of their homes to make room first for one boulevard, then for another, take their temporary refuge in the doomed mansions of far richer tenants. Every nook and corner is inhabited. The positions of some of these tenements are most fantastic. Many a stranger tired to death of the primness and regularity of modern Paris, has lighted in his ramblings upon the district south of the Seine known as 'the students' quarter.' On the mountain St Genevieve, and on either side of the new Boulevard St Germain, he has discovered with delight streets lined with houses in every stage of perpendicularity. Perched up to the chimney-pots may be seen little sheds of rooms entirely unconnected architecturally with the rest of the structure. They look as though they had been hauled up there from below, and then glued on; or as though they had grown like fungi out of the roofs to which they are attached. Well, these and similar situations are the places where the Paris *chiffonnier* takes up his abode. Let us examine the interior of one of these curious old buildings. What a magnificent staircase it is! But stay; what is there inside that dismal grating scarce two feet square? Dark and black within, the only light and air which penetrate that cavern are filtered through the great staircase. Let us see what there is here. It looks—it smells like a wild beast's den. Look a little closer still. There is a bed and some filthy rags; and this is a human habitation! *Mon Dieu!*

Then the sanitary, or rather unsanitary, arrangements are such as would offend the nose even of one of our local inspectors of nuisances. The stench in some houses was perfectly intolerable, and I could not help thinking that the bureau de bienfaisance would be dealing a more severe

blow at the spread of disease by cleansing, lime-washing, and purifying these filthy places, than by supplying all the medical aid in the world. When I speak thus, I do not speak as one unacquainted with our home sanitary defects. No one is convinced more thoroughly than I am that the want of sanitary arrangements is at the bottom of half the physical and moral disease with which the poor in the east of London are afflicted. I know well the interior aspect of the homes of the poorest in the worst parts of London; I know their defects, but I say deliberately, that I never met in London with anything like what my senses indicated to me this cold spring day in Paris. But to pass on to the individuals whom we visited. They were all, as I have before stated, persons who were either in receipt of, or had applied for, the medical aid which is afforded gratuitously by the bureau de bienfaisance. About one-half or less were *indigents inscrits*—that is, recipients of outdoor relief. We found a great variety in the apparent circumstances and condition in life of these households. There were persons of all kinds and descriptions, from the filthy *balayeur*, to the young *fleuriste* in mauve, who was paying for her child to be genteelly nursed in the country. There were rooms of all kinds, from the foulest hovels, entirely destitute of paint, white-wash, soap, or water, to gracefully papered and furnished apartments, with neat prints hanging from the walls, and an elegant clock on the chimney-piece. Sometimes there were two rooms, sometimes only one: but there were nearly always two beds. All the rooms were small, some very small indeed—say six feet by eight; but they were, I think, a trifle loftier than our London rooms.

One set of rooms—two very tiny and filthy rooms they were—were on the ground; a mere cabin, leaning negligently against the sides of the tall house behind, it suggested the idea that it owed the origin of its present position to an accidental fall from the top of the house. The rooms high up at the tops of the houses appeared to me to be the most eligible in point of situation; there, at all events, was light and air. In most of the rooms there was a close unwholesome odour; and I do not think I shall soon forget the cloud of indescribably stifling effluvia which emanated from the room of a wretched chiffonnier, and which nearly suffocated us long before we got inside the door. I see that I have noted down the fact that one window was open; a circumstance of such rarity that I considered it to be well worthy of record. In one old house there were as many as forty tenements, each having the number of the tenement, and generally the name of the occupant over the door. The doors on each floor were close together. This house would have been a sink of iniquity in a low neighbourhood in the east of London. Up the stairs were closets in a condition of filth impossible to describe, and carrying pestiferous odours to the furthest recesses of the building.

The recipients of relief were not by any means rigorously catechised, and the few questions which were put to them had reference chiefly to their means of living, their children, and their ailments. In each case, where these facts had not been ascertained, the people were asked whether or not they were *inscrits*; then, as to their wages—how much the husband earned, and how much the wife. It

was curious to note the ready, direct, and business-like way in which these questions were invariably answered. 'He earns 350 francs.' 'I earn five sous.' In most cases, it is true, this statement was followed by the representation: 'Oh! but he does not earn anything now; he is too ill!' or: 'I cannot work now, as I expect my accouchement.' But the amount was always given out pat at first, however qualifying the explanation may have been. What a contrast to our poor!

'What wages does your husband earn?'

'O sir, he earns very little; he has a job every now and then.'

'And what does he work at?'

'He hasn't got any particular work, he sometimes earns a few shillings at the water-side;' &c.

'And do you do anything?'

'I sometimes earn a shilling or sixpence.'

'And how do you earn it, and how often?'

Every one who knows anything about our London poor knows well the extreme difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, which is found in obtaining a direct and positive answer to such questions. The poor *will* not tell you how they live. You may find out anything else; but upon the subject of their earnings, they are your masters, and the strictest cross-examination will often fail in eliciting the required information.

However, to come back to Paris. The answers given to the visitor were, apparently, taken as conclusive of the truth of the statements made. In one of two cases, however, unfavourable comments were made by the visitor. One instance of this was in the case of a washerwoman, who lived with her mother, and who declared that she was unable to work on account of an injury done to her arm, and whom we found at work, nevertheless, in a room full of washing in various stages of completeness. The visitor expostulated with the women, whose shrill voices joined in a duet of raillery, such as only women can pour forth. In another case, aid was refused, on account of the amount of assistance which the applicant was receiving from the Maternity Society.

Seven out of the sixteen families we visited sought, or were in receipt of, the assistance of the bureau on account of accouchement. In these cases, the bureau is more liberal than in any other department, either medical or non-medical. The value of the relief given for the month is supposed to be about thirty francs, and is made up of the following items: *Layette*, estimated at fourteen francs; expenses of *sage-femme*, eight francs; relief in money, four francs; eight pounds of bread, and eight pounds of meat. I was not altogether pleased with the way in which this relief appeared to be allotted. The impression left upon my mind was, that applications for assistance of this kind were ordinarily acceded to, pretty nearly as a matter of course. I own to a feeling of astonishment, not unmixed with a certain amount of indignation, when I heard the request for the *sage-femme gratis*, made by the smart young *fleuriste* in mauve, who put down her husband's earnings as one hundred francs per month; and confessed that, when in health, she herself was in the habit of earning two francs a day; and, moreover, that she was paying twenty francs a month for her child at *nourrice* in the country. In place of the mild observation of the visitor: 'It does not appear that you are very *malheureuse*, after all,' I should have been glad to have heard a real remonstrance.

This application, which should, in my opinion, have been promptly refused, was sent into the bureau, where, in all probability, it would be acceded to.

The sage-femme is appointed by the imperial authority—is, in fact, a government employee—and she is doubtless a valuable adjunct to the secret police of the Empire. Acting through the agency of the Assistance Publique, she has most extensive powers. She is able, at any time, to take children to the Enfants Assistés, a public receptacle for infants. Here the state takes charge of them, brings them up, feeds, clothes, and educates them, and afterwards apprentices them, all at the state expense. Thus, through the agency of the bureaux de bienfaisance, the child is brought into the world at state expense; and then, if its mother thinks she would sooner be rid of the trouble and expense of its maintenance and support, she has only to settle the matter with the sage-femme, who has the power of taking the child direct to the above institution, where no awkward questions will be asked, and whence no order for maintenance will be issued.

From an economical point of view, it may be wise policy for the Empire, the great employer of labour, in a country which, like France, has a decreasing population, to attempt to stimulate the propagation of the human species by every means in its power; though it may be more than questionable whether the end in view is likely to be attained. From a moral point of view, nothing, to my mind, can be more objectionable than the system, the outlines of which have just been shadowed forth. It is a direct encouragement to the grossest immorality and the utmost improvidence. It breaks down the barriers of love and responsibility, and substitutes in their place state patronage and control.

While on this subject, I would observe, that the plan of sending out children to *nourrice*, and which I look upon as a direct offshoot from the system pursued by the French government, is, in my opinion, most objectionable. Parental love must indeed be at a low ebb in Paris, when the parents merely calculate whether it will be cheaper, or more convenient, to send their children out to nurse, or to keep them at home, and govern their actions by the result of these calculations. Here, again, our London poor compare most favourably. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, experience convinces me that the affection which the parents of the lowest and most degraded order feel for their children is incontrovertible, and that it is, to say the least of it, quite as genuine and quite as warm as that of the ranks above them. I have seen (not, I confess, with feelings of wonderment) the warm tears of grief flow down that pauper widow's face, when the messenger of death has removed one out of those six half-starved children. I have seen, and I believe it. Yes; call our London poor improvident, call them degraded—they are so, it is only too true; but behind those rags, and that filth and squalor, there are feelings of love and charity, which every now and then shew themselves, like patches of blue sky through the clouds. Of these sentiments, to say that they are proofs that some remains of our nobler origin are still extant, would be but an unnecessary mystification of the truth, that we have here the direct work of the Divine Creator. It is to my mind very

dubious, whether the struggle against nature which is thus patronised by imperial authority does not defeat its own ends, and whether the increase of population is not actually retarded by the means which have been devised to encourage its increase. It is said that the mortality amongst children sent out to nurse is very considerable. Certainly, common-sense would seem to suggest that this is but a natural result of the system which makes the support of the child a mere question of finance. What sort of substitute for a mother's care is likely to be found in the attentions of a nurse, who receives fifteen to twenty francs a month for the keep of the child, far away from its parents' control? It is a huge system of baby-farming, and it is but natural to surmise that no inconsiderable number of these poor babes are farmed out of existence. The number of Parisians who thus get rid of their children is said to be annually on the increase; and, moreover, it is said that the practice, which originated with the upper classes, is gradually extending itself to the ranks of the lowest orders. The results of our day's experience, in this respect, were, that out of the sixteen families visited, two had children at *nourrice*. The proportion is large, if it be borne in mind what were the circumstances of these families.

It will be seen that there is a considerable difference between the English and French methods of relieving the poor. In Great Britain, relief is claimed as a legal right, and hence the almost universal break-down of self-respect and self-reliance; while in France, relief is more in the character of a charity, administered on a centralised system. What strikes us as an impressive fact in both cases, is, that a high state of civilisation, as we call it, produces somehow or other masses of poverty and misery in all large seats of population, which no known contrivance is able to subdue. France with its alleged irreligion; England with its wealth, its intelligence, its poor-laws, and its enormous charities; Scotland with its high-sounding religious and educational pretensions—are all alike. If there be any difference, it is in favour of France. No abjectness in any city in Europe sinks to that dismal level of rags and wretchedness observable in the fetid alleys of Edinburgh and Glasgow. What scope for a grand discovery in social economics!

BLONDEL PARVA.

CHAPTER XIII.—STRAITS AT THE MANOR, AND FEARS AT THE VICARAGE.

THE report which the widow brought back with her from 'my man of business, Mr Crozley,' was dolorous enough. He had made her listen to him at last. She did not turn her eyes away this time from the picture he presented to her view: he had always done so faithfully enough; but it was now absolutely necessary not only that she should believe, but act; or else, he did not hesitate to say, there would ensue something like ruin. Perhaps, deceived by his client's confidence in Sir Nicholas's testamentary intentions, he had forborne to press her hardly hitherto, and therefore he was the more urgent upon this occasion. She saw for the first time clearly the growing hillocks of debt by which her path was environed, and the dangerous abyss into which it led. Mr Crozley strongly

advised, as Kate had done, that the widow should leave the manor-house for some less ambitious residence in Blondel Parva; but upon this point Madam was firm. She shrank from the confession of poverty which such a change would involve, for the opinion of her neighbours was much to her; and she had another and still more valid reason for remaining where they were, at all events for the present. All her hopes were now centered in her daughter's union with Richard, and she read his character sufficiently well to know that it was best to treat with him on something like equal terms, or what at least appeared to be such. There was no external inequality in an engagement between Sir Richard Anstey, Bart., and Miss Irby of Blondel Manor, and this there would certainly be if the widow removed to Acacia Cottage. So it was settled that the Irbies were still to remain at the great house; but the pony-carriage was to be disposed of, the groom 'put down,' and the paddock to be let for grazing purposes; nor did poor Madam need to weave chain-armor for the fruit in the old wall-garden any more, since it was to be rented by an enterprising speculator in Blondel Regis, who would consign the bloomy plums and downy peaches to the London market.

It was touching to hear Mrs Irby breaking this terrible news, as she considered it, to her daughter, and accusing herself of being the cause of their common misfortune. 'It is little matter indeed to me, my darling, for I have not been used to comforts all my life, as you have, and can easily go back to my old way of life when I kept father's house for him, and looked after the dairy with my own hands as well as eyes; but you, my dear, are not fit for such things; you will never, never take kindly to poverty; and, oh, I am so wretched when I think that it is my own foolish trust in a bad man which has brought you to this pass.'

'My dearest mother,' returned Kate, whose face was not only cheerful, but radiant, 'the only thing that can give me cause for sorrow in this matter is to hear you thus reproach yourself, and estimate my own character so low. It would be shameful in one, with youth and health, like me, to bewail the loss of mere luxuries. One would really think that something like beggary was before us, instead of so much being left for us to be thankful for; though I do wish that we could manage to keep the pony-carriage, for I know you enjoy driving so.'

'Oh, bother the pony-carriage!' broke in the old lady; 'thank God, I can get about on my own legs yet; but it is your having to go without that new piano that bothers me, the old one is so ramshackly; and then, again, we shall be able to keep no company—and I do like to see you shine, my darling—no, we mustn't even ask Mr Milton any more to step in when he likes for pot-luck, and far less entertain any strangers, like that nice Mr Glyn.'

'Well, dear mamma, but perhaps we may find that people come to us for something else than their dinners.'

'Not men, my darling; don't you deceive yourself. Women will come for tea, and even for talk; but if you want gentlemen's company, you must give them meat and wine. Your poor dear father knew men well, and he always used to say, that the true way to a man's heart lay through—what's the name of the thing he tastes with, my dear?—yes, his palate.'

'Very well, mamma, we shall see,' rejoined Kate, with a smile that had something of quiet triumph in it.

And Kate was so far right, that Mr Maurice Glyn did not discontinue his afternoon visits to the manor, notwithstanding that it became the custom there to dine at mid-day—Madam found early hours to agree best with her, she said—and there was therefore nothing but 'kettle-drum' in the way of refreshment; but Mrs Irby would by no means allow that her theory was thereby disproved. 'It is only that Mr Milton happens to dine early also, my dear; and you needn't flatter yourself that we should have that gay London gentleman's company, only that he is sure of a good supper when he gets home; and even as it is, you see, the curate does not come up here so often as when there was always a knife and fork for him. That's the worst of the clergy—and so I have read it was in the old monks' times—they have always such a relish for good victuals.'

This severe remark was so far justified in Mr Milton's case, that he did not often accompany his friend to the manor-house. There was a good deal to be done in the parish just then, he said, and, as we have hinted, particularly in one part of the parish. Poor Joseph Grange being the only person in all his flock afflicted with blindness, he was naturally an object of peculiar solicitude with his pastor, and his reception at the gate-keeper's cottage was always cordial.

'It is a pleasure to see you, sir,' the old man would say, with characteristic disregard of his own calamity; and Mary's welcome was as unmistakable as her father's, though it was only given by her eyes.

The old man's bed had been removed into the parlour of late, his own apartment being very small, and the weather oppressive, so that the reception-room had even a more humble appearance than usual; not that furniture, indeed, or the lack of it, makes much difference in the eyes of love; but there were other matters that might have put the visitor in mind, not only of the inequality, but of the unsuitability of the alliance he contemplated. As for Mary, her manner was perfection itself; but her father fell so very considerably short of that standard in his behaviour, that the length of the interval might have well made a less resolute suitor pause. To a man blind as well as poor, to whom so great a social advantage offered itself, much was to be forgiven, but not the vulgar obsequiousness with which he treated his guest, and the coarse flattery with which he strove to enhance his daughter's merits. No match-making mother, destitute of that tact upon which the sex (too often fallaciously) pride themselves, could have worse played her cards, or more openly shewed her hand to the anticipated victim. The curate could not avoid perceiving this, and winced; but then did not Mary shudder too? 'This man of commonest clay,' thought he, 'has got a daughter who is an angel.'

But how was such information to be conveyed in practical shape to a city uncle? The Rev. Charles Milton was not a man to be without a strong sense of family duty, but he had also a sense of what was due to all, including himself. Now, at all events, however it might have been in that bygone case of the pastrycook's daughter, he felt he was past that age when an uncle is the best judge as to whom his nephew shall marry; and,

besides, much of that great love which induces a man to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife was already given to Mary. He had not as yet asked her to be his, and he resolved to delay this until he should have informed his uncle of his fixed intention so to do. If most people in his position would not (as society, losing all patience with such conduct, would certainly have expressed it) 'have made such fools of themselves,' it must also be remembered that some would have married, and not asked leave till afterwards.

If Maurice Glyn had chanced to spend a certain afternoon at the vicarage, instead of 'just looking in' at the manor-house, as had now become his invariable custom, he would not have failed to notice that his friend began to grow nervous and uneasy soon after the post had gone out. When he came home to supper, he did observe that Charley had no appetite, and had got the fidgets; and in the course of the night, he was awakened more than once by a hasty walking to and fro in his host's room. But the fact was, Maurice had a certain matter of his own to think about, such as, above all others, makes men selfish, and prone to think their fellows as happy as themselves; and it was not until they met at the breakfast-table that he perceived, from the curate's face and distrained manner, that something was going very wrong with his friend and host. Then, indeed, his solicitude was aroused, and self-reproach perhaps made it all the keener, and more inclined for action.

'I have written to my uncle about Mary,' said the curate simply, in reply to his anxious questioning; 'and until his answer comes—which it will do by to-morrow's post, unless he comes himself—I am afraid I shall be but a dull companion.'

'Don't talk of that. What can I do for you?' was his friend's affectionate reply.

'Leave me to myself, Maurice; that is the best service you can do for me to-day. I feel better alone: I shall not even go down to the cottage; not until to-morrow, when I shall know the worst—that is, from the world's point of view, not mine. True, I have scarcely any hope that my uncle will accede to my wishes; but in that case, I shall be almost as poor as Mary herself, and all inequalities will vanish.'

'Yes, Charley; but—you will forgive an old friend—are you perfectly certain that, under those changed circumstances'—

'I think so, Maurice,' interrupted the curate gently.—'I think she loves me for myself.'

'Just so,' persisted the other thoughtfully; 'but if it should turn out otherwise. This young lady has a father—and from hints you have occasionally dropped, it is not impossible he may be more mercenary—should she act under his advice, and decline your offer, what would you do then, old fellow?'

'I should feel, Maurice, that I had been mistaken—and—and—hope in time to find in Duty that happiness which I had too rashly counted upon to find in Love.—But there,' added he with vehemence, 'God alone knows what I should do—I dare not think of it. She seems to hold my very life within her little hands!'

How strange it seemed that this eminently respectable young man, so submissive to authority in the abstract, and who shrank aghast even from the utterance of unlicensed opinion, should be so resolutely prepared to take his own way in this matter, at so great a risk, nay, at the positive certainty of ruin to all his prospects. But for his

affection for him, the *littérateur* would have regarded the curate (as an artist his model unexpectedly thrown into an attitude abnormal, but highly picturesque) with the utmost professional interest; but as it was, Maurice felt very sad as he contemplated that future which he thought he saw awaiting his friend. He knew what the contents of the letter which would arrive next morning would be, as certainly as though it lay open before him; and the curate also knew, and although he had used the words 'scarcely any hope,' he indeed had none at all.

Mr Milton the elder, vulgar and material in his ideas though he was, as any individual whom the City welcomes during office-hours, and dismisses to suburban villa at eve, was yet furnished with at least two poetical elements of character—the passion of anger and an implacable purpose. That episode of the pastrycook's daughter, although popular enough in undergraduate circles, had never reached his ears; he did not conceive it possible that his nephew and heir could choose a wife that was not in a position of life at least equal to his own; or that, having chosen, he should venture to adhere to that choice in defiance of his will. If he should presume to do so, however, he would be at no loss how to deal with such audacity. It is not only persons of large landed estates and hereditary titles who are tyrants, and treat their dependants as slaves; nor was Brutus the last man who has sacrificed paternal love to other feelings—not necessarily patriotic ones.

Revolving this matter in his mind, and attaching that greater value to his conclusions which we are apt to do when considering a friend's affairs and not our own, Maurice Glyn paced alone the vicarage garden, and presently passing through its wicket-gate, took for a furlong his accustomed way; then suddenly branched off into a footpath, which led him by so circuitous a route that he did not arrive at the manor until late in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XIV.—HIDDEN DEPTHS IN THE CURATE.

If our joys fall short of our expectations, our sorrows are, on the other hand, rarely so painful as the suspense which precedes them. When Charles Milton got his uncle's letter, harsh as were its contents, and even more resolutely set against his wishes than he had apprehended, still he now knew the worst, and could find relief in action.

'If you demean yourself by this alliance,' wrote the old man, in words elevated by passion far above his wonted style, 'you are no longer nephew of mine. I disown you—I disinherit you; I will hold no manner of communication with you while I live; not a penny of mine shall you receive when I am dead. I would rather throw my money in the gutter than let it go to you. Marry this beggar-girl if you dare; then starve with her and the brats she bears you on a hundred pounds a year. I am glad indeed to think that I never bought you a living.'

There was much more to the same effect; but there were other portions of the letter almost tender, wherein the writer expressed his hope that his nephew would not disgrace him yet, but listen to his warning voice while there was time.

But the sentences above quoted were what alone seemed to concern the young man now. If Charles Milton had nothing else in common with his uncle, he had his determination of purpose, and he had

made up his mind to make Mary Grange his wife. This resolve perhaps might have been sapped by tender adjuration, affectionate appeal; but this attempt to carry it by assault not only failed, but rendered what before was firm inflexible. He put the letter into his friend's hand with a grim smile.

'You mean to persist?' inquired Maurice quietly, when he had read it through.

'At the risk of being a curate all my days,' replied the other cheerfully. 'Yes: that is not so very terrible to me as it seems to my uncle. Now, you would not think it, but this very man himself wooed and won his wife when he had not half this income which he sneers at.'

'Still, he married in his own rank of life, Charley. He has risen, not without pains, to one much higher, and he has toiled, hitherto, not only for himself, but for you. To your uncle, who has worked for it and won it, social position means much, and of course it angers him to see his nephew at one stroke destroy what he has wrought for with such long effort.'

'You are right, friend,' rejoined the curate gently. 'It ill becomes me to rebuke my uncle, but I cannot obey him. Oh, if you had but seen the letter which I wrote him, Maurice, this would seem a harsh reply.'

'I don't doubt it, Charley. It is his nature to be stern, and when opposed, to become what seems to you cruel. Besides, a man who has made his own way in the world, as he has done, becomes in the process less nice and sensitive than those who, like you and me, are started on a raised level. He has worked with spade and barrow, and built the embankment, and laid down the rails; what wonder if his hands are rougher than ours, the mere passengers, who have only had to take our first-class places, and sit still while the train goes smoothly along the line.'

'That is true, Maurice, and I thank you for pointing it out. I have indeed no right to blame my uncle; and, besides, I owe him very much, I know, but not so much as he demands here, by way of repayment: I must tell him that.'

'Yes, but not now,' said Glyn, as the curate seated himself at his desk, as if to write. 'There are hours to spare before the post goes out. Take time to think about it.'

'Nothing will alter my resolution, Maurice.'

'Yet I say, take time.'

'Ah, I see what you mean, friend. Well, I will see her first, and then write. I begged you yesterday to leave me; to-day, I ask you to stay here, or at least to be here when I return. By then, I shall know what to write home, or to what was my home.'

'I will stay here till you come back, Charley; but—look here, old friend—don't be too sure of what we two were talking about yesterday; and if matters do not turn out as you expect, don't be broken-hearted, and don't be angry with the girl.'

'Angry with Mary? No, Maurice. That, for certain, I shall not be. If I should have mistaken her, there will be nobody to be angry with except myself.'

To see the curate's confident grave smile and cheery nod as he took up his hat, was a pleasant sight after what had gone before. He knew himself henceforward as one poor in this world's goods, and who would grow poorer, with prospects blighted, and his only relative estranged; but, on the other hand, how secure of her whose love should make amends for all.

Maurice Glyn looked after him wistfully, sadly, as he strode across the little lawn and into the quiet street, then passed—still listening to his friend's retreating steps—into his favourite haunt, the vicarage garden. He would not have long to wait, he knew; counting time by minutes, the curate could scarcely be an hour away. Yet how the minutes dragged along! The level marsh, where once the sea had been, had his gaze, but not his thoughts; nor could the ocean itself, with its ceaseless roar, its boundless range, fill them as it was wont to do; nor the curved bay, dotted for miles with towers, each the counterpart of each, whose warlike use was gone. Earth's changes and the monuments of time are nothing to him that has one gnawing care: an eyelash inward turned makes valueless the most glowing landscape; and the toothache's twinge has force to abolish past and present, and fix our whole being's regard upon a single nerve. With a face paler even than usual, and eyes gazing vacantly on land and sea, Maurice Glyn paced the grassy walk, his ears attentive for the curate's returning step. The deep quiet of the country was around him, and what wind there was blew from the quarter whence his friend would come. At last, along the unfrequented road, there is a far-off footfall. Can it be his, that slow and lagging tread, so different from the firm elastic stride with which he started? Yes, it stops at the gate on the other side of the house, and comes up the gravel-path, like the step of one who follows a dead friend to his grave, and then the study-door is opened, closed, and locked.

'Poor Charley; Heaven help him!' muttered Maurice. 'But it is surely better thus: the cup is bitter, but who would not rather drain it—if his mind were free to judge—than live a life full of disease and pain. The day will come when the patient will be grateful; and even if the physician get no thanks, the good is done. If I were in his place, and Kate—' But there, that's nonsense.'

He entered the house, and knocked softly at the study-door. There was no verbal answer, but almost at once the curate unlocked it, and stood before him, pale and worn—for it is not years that wear, but the bad days in them—and yet with no despair in his grave eyes; some wholesome tears, perhaps (for they were red), had cleansed them of it.

'You were right, friend,' said he, with the ghost of a smile, 'and I was mistaken.'

'I will not say that I am sorry,' returned Glyn, taking the curate's hand, 'except for the present pain. In years to come'—

'Don't, Maurice, don't. It may be or it may not—God knows. Just now, it seems that time—nay, that eternity itself has nothing of compensation in it. She did love me once; I am very sure she did, and oh, I would have loved her as wife was never loved.—God forgive the man who has come between us!'

'Amen!' ejaculated Maurice fervently. 'It is quite off, is it, Charley?'

'Quite; for ever. I can tell my uncle what will please him so far.'

There was an expression in the curate's countenance his friend had never seen there heretofore; one which, if a ruffian's face had worn, one would have said: 'How unmerciful, how relentless!'

'What are you going to do with that, Charley?' Glyn pointed to a bank-note which the other was placing in an envelope.

'I am going to return the fifty pounds he sent me on my birthday,' answered the other sternly. 'I wish I could repay him all I owe him.'

'Are you speaking of your uncle?'

'Yes; who else? I will never take a shilling from his hand again. His threat shall take effect exactly as he intended: it is only right that it should do so; for it was to be the punishment of my disobedience, and I am disobedient still.'

'This is sheer madness, Milton. What! would you lose both bride and uncle—impoverish yourself thus, and for nothing?'

'No, not for nothing, Glyn,' answered the curate hoarsely; 'but for this letter, which has robbed me of my love, my life, my wife! Since he can write such words as these—draining my heart of health, of hope, of all—he has ceased to be my kinsman. Yes, I know what you would say: that I am a clergyman—a minister of God. It is easy for you to remember that.' There was a spark of anger in his tone, but it died out as soon as struck. 'Do not imagine that I wish my uncle harm—that I would not pay him reverence and duty where I could. But henceforth, I renounce his favours. I will take no gift from the hand that could deal a blow like this. She read it, Maurice—read here "this beggar-girl;" and the cruel words crushed out of her the love she bore me. They pressed it from her eyes in one sweet shower, then left them cold and lightless.—O Maurice, Maurice, it is hard to bear!'

'And her blind father, Charley—what did he say?'

'Nothing; he only nodded "Yes" to what she said. She spoke without his prompting. She said that since my friends had set themselves against the match—for she would read the letter—and since I should but have a curate's stipend upon which to live—But why repeat it? If she had been a lady born and bred, she could not have been more discreet and cold. And yet it seemed sometimes as though she spoke by rote, like one who had learned her lesson from another—but who was there to teach her? Who could have known, save you and me, that I was coming? And coming with that letter—why, I did not know that myself. I did not think my uncle could have written such words. No, no; she does not love me, Maurice; you are right. It is all over.'

He leaned his head upon his hands, and stared before him with such a hopeless look as it was pitiful to see.

'But since it is so, Milton,' urged Maurice Glyn, 'why make the matter worse, by breaking with your uncle?'

'Ah, you do not understand that?' returned the curate bitterly. 'You would have me fat and sleek, and kiss the hand that pampers when it does not chance to crush. Well, we will not discuss that matter. Help me rather to forget; that is the kindest service you can do me now. Take another pipe in the garden, old fellow, while I get this letter off my mind; and then we will walk out together where you will.'

For the first time during their long companionship, Maurice Glyn felt himself weaker than his friend, and did as he was bid. The soothing weed was wont to be very grateful to him; under its influence, he dreamed his fairest dreams, nurtured his fondest ambitions, and thought the thoughts, which, though losing much in the process of expression, others were yet well pleased to read; but

to-day the charm might not work. Notwithstanding the bright future that seemed opening for himself, and which but yesterday had given to all things such a golden tinge, Maurice Glyn had never felt more wretched; and, indeed, he had good reason for his sorrow.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-EIGHT sees the Royal Academy attain its hundredth year—a success born of a failure.

The first attempt to establish a school for artists in England was made, Hogarth tells us, at the beginning of the last century by some 'gentlemen-painters,' who took the French Academy for their model, but dispensed with much of its fuss and formality. Their praiseworthy attempt, however, met with little encouragement, and a great deal of ridicule; while a prudish public was shocked with the immorality of drawing from living models, and so the scheme came to a speedy end. Similar attempts upon a less ambitious scale met with a like fate. There was no getting the body of artists to co-operate for the general benefit, until the avidity with which the public flocked to the Foundling Hospital to see the pictures painted for that institution by Hogarth and his generous fellow-labourers, suddenly opened their eyes to the desirability of art exhibitions. The Society for the Encouragement of Art, Manufactures, and Commerce lent its aid; and under its auspices the first exhibition of English works of art was opened in the Strand, April 21, 1760, admission free, catalogue sixpence. Seventy-four pictures were shown on this occasion, and Reynolds, Wilson, and Roubiliac were among the contributors. The venture proved so successful that it was repeated in Spring Gardens in succeeding years, and led to the exhibitors eventually forming themselves into a society called *The Society of Artists of Great Britain*, which was incorporated by royal charter in 1765, under the presidency of Lambert, principal scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre, and the founder of the famous Beefsteak Club, and the governance of twenty-four directors. The Society was wonderfully prosperous at the outset, soon numbering a hundred and forty-nine members—many of them, it must be owned, artists only in name—while their treasury became so rich that the different sections of the Society began to dispute respecting the disposal of the money. The painters demanded a gallery for historical pictures; the sculptors insisted upon the purchase of statuary; and the architects clamoured, of course, for an imposing pile of buildings. One quarrel led to another, until, in 1767, things came to a crisis, and the Society was divided into two factions—that of the Directors, and that of the Fellows. The first party wished to keep the then directors in office; the latter insisted upon strictly enforcing the rules by which the directors were to be annually elected. The Fellows triumphed, as they were bound to do, and, at the next election, turned sixteen of the twenty-four directors out, upon which the other eight resigned. Wisdom does not always lie with majorities; in this case, the majority gained its desire, and ruined the Society. Reynolds, West, Chambers, indeed all

the higher rank of artists, revolted against 'the dictation of the rabble of art,' and left victorious mediocrity to its own devices.

Sir William Chambers, West, Moser, and Cotes, indisposed to remain out in the cold in mere passive opposition, determined to set up a rival society. Reynolds, fearing another fiasco, held aloof for a while, but West ultimately succeeded in overcoming his doubts. The high favour the latter enjoyed at court facilitated matters greatly. A memorial was presented to George III. setting forth the desire of its subscribers to establish an academy of design, and an annual exhibition open to all artists of merit, and expressing their belief that the profits of the one would pay the expenses of the other, and probably leave a surplus for charitable purposes. His Majesty desired Chambers to submit a plan of the proposed institution: it was prepared, submitted, and approved; and upon Sunday the 10th of December 1768, received the sign-manual, and then came into being *The Royal Academy for the Purpose of Cultivating and Improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture*. The older association seems to have been kept in blissful ignorance of the operations of its foes. One day, the story goes, Kirby, President of the incorporated Society, and Teacher of Perspective to the king, happening to call at the palace when West was there, busy upon his picture of 'Regulus,' was introduced to the artist and his work. After expressing his admiration of the latter, Kirby remarked that the frame ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder; to which King George replied, that when he could paint him such a picture, his friend should have the framing of it. Undismayed by this, Kirby went on to hope that West intended to exhibit the 'Regulus,' and the king declared he had no objection. 'Then, Mr West, you will send it to my exhibition?' 'No,' interrupted his Majesty; 'it must go to my exhibition—that of the Royal Academy!' Upon which awful announcement, we should fancy President Kirby, like Artemus in Utah, 'girded up his lions, and fled the seen.'

By the articles of its constitution, the Academy was to be composed of forty Academicians, twenty Associates, and six Associate Engravers, men of high professional repute and fair moral character, resident in Great Britain, who were not members of any other society of artists in London. In order to attach some non-artistic men of distinguished reputation to the Academy, it was to have honorary professors of ancient literature and ancient history, a chaplain, and a secretary for foreign correspondence; and the Academy has no reason to blush at its roll of honorary members, among whom we find Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Boswell, Burney, Mitford, Hallam, Grote, Macaulay, Milman, Earl Stanhope, Sir George Staunton, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Henry Holland, Dalton and Lysons. The government was vested in the President and a Council of Eight, elected annually by the General Assembly of Members. Of the council, however, only four retired annually. The General Assembly met once every year to elect the president, council, visitors, and auditors, fill up vacancies, consider new regulations, and adjudge the prizes for the students; but they were liable to be called together at any time at the pleasure of the president, or when called upon by any five academicians. The Visitors, nine in number, had to attend the Life Academy, to set the models, examine and

correct the work of the students, and give them instruction and advice: this duty they took in rotation, each serving for one month. The other officers were a secretary, a keeper and two auditors elected by ballot, and a treasurer and librarian appointed by the king; besides the professors of painting, sculpture, architecture, perspective, and anatomy, who were bound to deliver six public lectures each every year; all, save the professor of anatomy, being chosen from among the forty. The latter were to be chosen from the associates; each academican sending in his marked list to the president; the two associates whom he found obtaining the greatest number of suffrages being put up as candidates, and balloted for by all the members present upon the day of election. The associates—painters, sculptors, or architects at least twenty-four years old—were elected from the Academy exhibitors, but all elections and appointments were subject to the approval of the crown.

When an artist was elected academican, his diploma was to be withheld until he sent in a specimen of his abilities as a gift to the society. No comments or criticisms on the opinions or productions of living artists were allowed to be introduced in any of the lectures; and as to the funds of the Academy, all surplus receipts were to go to form a pension-fund of £20,000, to provide annuities for decayed members or their widows upon the following modest scale: To an academican, £70, provided it did not make his annual income exceed £100; to an associate, £50, or sufficient to make his income £80; while the widows' annuities were limited respectively to £50 and £30. In drawing up their scheme, the promoters had evidently no doubts about its ultimate success; but their royal patron, quite awake to the likelihood of a balance on the wrong side, generously declared he would himself make good any deficiency; and that this was no idle promise was proved by his advancing no less than £5000 from his privy purse in the first ten years of the Royal Academy's existence.

The schools of the Academy were declared open gratuitously to all-comers who could satisfy the council they possessed the capability to profit by the instruction afforded therein. The same body had the power of rejecting any pictures sent in to the annual exhibition in May, to which all copies, save paintings on enamel, mere transcripts of objects of natural history, vignette portraits, drawings without backgrounds, and paintings that had been exhibited elsewhere, were declared inadmissible.

The following is a complete list of the original members of the Academy, thirty-five in number—Joshua Reynolds (president), E. West, T. Sandby, F. Cotes, J. Baker, M. Chamberlin, J. Gwynn, T. Gainsborough, J. B. Cipriani, J. Meyer, F. M. Newton (secretary), P. Sandby, F. Bartolozzi, C. Catton, N. Hone, W. Tyler, N. Dance, R. Wilson, G. M. Moser (keeper), P. Toms, Angelica Kauffman, Mary Moser, R. Yeo, W. Chambers (treasurer), J. Wilton, G. Barret, E. Penny, A. Carlini, F. Hayman, D. Serres, J. Richards, F. Zuccarelli, G. Dance, W. Hoare, and J. Zoffany. Here we have representatives of historical, landscape, portrait, miniature, flower, enamel, and coach painting; die-engraving, chasing, architecture, and sculpture; two ladies figure in the select list, and no less than seven foreigners; so there is no denying that the Academy was founded upon a wide enough base, however much that base may have been narrowed since.

One of the results of the establishment of the new art-union was to inspire the Muse of Dr Franklin, one of the royal chaplains,

To praise the sovereign whom her heart approved,
And pay a tribute to the arts she loved,

after the following fashion :

While eastern tyrants in the trophied car,
Wave the red banner of destructive war ;
In George's breast, a nobler flame
Is kindled, and a fairer fame
Excites to cherish native worth,
To call the latent seeds of genius forth,
To bid discordant factions cease,
And cultivate the gentle arts of peace ;

and so on, until, waxing bold, the doctor, like other reverend doctors we wot of, assumes the seer :

With rapture the prophetic Muse
Her country's opening glory views,
Already sees, with wondering eyes,
Our Titans and our Guidos rise,
Sees new Palladios grace th' historic page,
And British Raphaels charm a future age !

At first, the Academy was lodged humbly enough in St Martin's Lane, holding its exhibitions in Dalton's print-warehouse, Pall Mall. In the *Annual Register* we read, under date January 2, 1769 : 'This day, the Royal Academy of Arts was opened, and a general assembly of the academicians held, when several by-laws and regulations were agreed to ; after which the whole assembly adjourned to the St Alban's Tavern, where an elegant entertainment was provided, at which were present many of the principal nobility, patrons of the polite art. An ode suitable to the occasion was performed by a band of the first masters.' Far more germane to the matter than the ode in question was the Discourse of Sir Joshua—the first of a splendid series—in which he expressed the hope that the Academy would 'at least contribute to advance the knowledge of the arts, and bring us nearer to that ideal excellence which it is the lot of genius always to contemplate, and never to attain.'

On Wednesday, April 26, the Academy opened its first exhibition in Pall Mall to a crowd of visitors of rank and fashion. This advertisement was prefixed to the catalogue : 'As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an Academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The academicians therefore think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended.' One hundred and thirty-six works of art were exhibited, eighty-seven contributed by thirty-three academicians ; there being but seventeen outsiders represented on the walls, and half-a-dozen honorary exhibitors. The president sent four works : The Duchess of Manchester and her Son, 'in the character of Diana dearming Love ;' Mrs Blake as 'Juno receiving the Cestus of Venus ;' Portraits of Mrs Bouverie and Mrs Crewe, the famous Whig toast ; and Miss Morris as 'Hope nursing Love.' Gainsborough contributed 'A Boy's Head,' a large landscape, and a couple of portraits. West had his 'Regulus,' and 'Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis.' Wilson was represented by three

landscapes ; and the lady-academicians assisted—Angelica Kauffman with four classical pictures, and Mary Moser with two flower-pieces, one in water-colour and one in oil. The receipts of the exhibition amounted to L.699, 17s. 6d. ; in spite of the rival exhibition of the Incorporated Artists. We may as well dismiss the latter here, although it continued to hold exhibitions, somewhat intermittently, as late as 1791, if not later.

When the king's birthday came round, the academicians felt bound to honour it by giving a grand entertainment in Pall Mall, and illuminating the whole front of their house with lamps and transparencies. Cipriani designed the central decoration, representing Painting surrounded by Genii, with 'Royal Munificence' personified in angelic form, hovering over her head. West supplied a transparency of 'Sculpture,' and Dance one of 'Architecture.' Besides these, the building flamed with lamps of all colours surrounding royal medallions, and trophies of arms, the whole surmounted by coloured pyramids, terminating in a gigantic imperial crown. His Majesty fairly earned the gratitude of the Academy, for he never tired of assisting it in every way. He found room for its library, schools, and council-chamber in Somerset House, where the members met, for the first time, in 1771. The same year saw the institution of its annual dinner, when, upon St George's Day, the president and his fellows 'sat surrounded by such evidences of claims to admiration as their own pencils had adorned the walls with, and their guests were the most distinguished men of the day ; the highest in rank, and the highest in genius, the poet as well as the prince, the man of state and the man of trade. It was one of the happy devices of the president by which he steered the new and unchartered Academy through those quicksands and shoals that had wrecked the chartered institution out of which it rose.' It was at one of these delightful meetings that Walpole heard with surprise and concern, from the lips of 'that silly changeling,' Oliver Goldsmith, how Chatterton's career had come to a dismal close by his own despairing hand ; at another, that Reynolds was charmed with the graceful attitude of the Duke of Orleans, who was so soon afterwards to die on the revolutionary scaffold ; and at another, that Burke, from the lower end of the room, sent a pencilled note to Sir Joshua, saying : 'This end of the table, in which, as there are many admirers of the art, there are many admirers of yours, wish to drink an English tradesman, who patronises art better than the Grand Monarque of France ;' and Boydell's health went round the brilliant room with acclamation as 'the Commercial Mæcenas.' In 1778, the number of guests sitting down to the banquet was sixty-four ; by 1780, it had risen to ninety ; now the orthodox number is one hundred and forty. To receive an invitation to this dinner is itself a thing of which a man may be proud, the rules of the Academy limiting the compliment to persons in elevated situations, of high rank, of distinguished talents, or known as patrons of the arts. At first, the selection of guests was left to the president ; Reynolds surrendered the privilege to the council ; and they in turn handed it over to the general body. After a list has been made of the official or matter-of-course guests, the president writes down any name he proposes, which is read out by the secretary ; the balloting-box is brought forward,

and the name accepted or rejected by a general ballot—two black balls excluding the nominee. Then each member, in the order of seniority, follows the president's example, until the hundred and forty names are chosen.

Upon the rebuilding of Somerset House, the right wing of the new building was, by royal command, appropriated to the use of the Academy. Walpole writes to Mason, in May 1780: 'You know, I suppose, that the Royal Academy at Somerset House is opened. It is quite a Roman palace, and finished in perfect taste as well as boundless expense. It would have been a glorious apparition at the conclusion of the great war; now, it is an insult on our poverty and degradation. There is a signpost, by West, of his Majesty holding the memorial of his late campaign, lest we should forget that he was at Coxheath when the French fleet was in Plymouth Sound. By what lethargy of loyalty it happened, I do not know, but there is also a picture of Mrs Wright modelling the head of Charles I., and their Majesties contemplating it. Gainsborough has five landscapes there, of which one is especially worthy of any collection, and of any painter that ever existed.' Why the splendour of the Academy's new home should thus stir Horace's bile, it is hard to see, since the decorations which gave it that splendour were the work of the academicians themselves. Sir Joshua himself painted the centre of the library ceiling, his 'Theory' being supported by Cipriani's 'Design,' 'Character,' 'Commerce,' and 'Plenty.' Over the chimney was a marble bust of the king, and a basso-relievo of 'Cupid and Psyche' by Nollekens. The ceiling of the lecture-room was divided into compartments, for which West painted 'The Elements,' and 'The Graces unveiling Nature;' Angelica Kauffman, 'Painting,' 'Genius,' 'Design,' and 'Composition'; and Biaggi, the heads of Phidias, Apelles, Apollodorus, and Archimedes; while the walls were hung with Reynolds's portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, Copley's 'Samuel and Eli' Serres's 'Relief of Gibraltar,' West's 'Suffer Little Children,' and portraits of Dr Hunter, Sir W. Chambers, and the President. The exhibition-room, with its motto, 'Let none but men of culture enter,' and its skylight, sixty feet by fifty, had a 'tender sky' ceiling, with representations of Geometry, Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting.

Although the number of works exhibited had risen to five hundred by this time, the space at the disposal of the academicians, in their new room, was rather too much for them, and the members were urged to contribute as many works as possible, there being then no limitation in that respect; one painter actually sending in no less than twenty-two contributions to one exhibition; and at another, Sir Joshua himself came to the fore with sixteen. Their removal to Somerset House seems to have attracted more attention to the exhibitions than ever, and called art-critics into being. The criticisms of that day, if they lack the pretentiousness of our modern ones, are equally dogmatic, while their plain-speaking is quite refreshing. The *Morning Post*, criticising a picture by Zoffany, says: 'This artist has gone to the East Indies, and we should have had no additional cause for regret had he taken his picture along with him.' Here is a specimen from another anonymous critic: '2. A bad, black thing. 48. A sturdy, raw-boned Caledonian picture, coloured with brick-dust, charcoal,

and Scotch snuff. 65. Very bad. 66. Shocking indeed. 79. D—— bad. 80 (one of West's). Cold, marmorial, mechanical, and uninteresting, the figures not clothed but loaded with Otaheite blankets.' Such gaffies as these the painters could perhaps afford to despise; but a more formidable assailant arose in 1782, in Dr John Wolcot, alias 'Peter Pindar,' who, dubbing himself laureate to the Academy, dealt trenchant criticisms right and left, precluding his first Ode with the prefatory lines:

Paint and the men of canvas fire my lays,
Who shew their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings—
Gaining two thousand pounds a year by shillings.

Peter had some right to speak his mind—had he not given Opie to the Academy? He knew, too, what he was talking about, and his vigorous, if over-severe fault-finding afforded the outside public much delight. He could praise, too: writing of some of Reynolds's pictures:

Works, a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works, that a Rubens had been proud to own!

Although he was not blind to the worst fault of the president, for he goes on:

I'm afraid, like beauty of rare quality,
Born soon to fade!

An enthusiastic admirer of Gainsborough's landscapes, he as enthusiastically hailed his portraits; and he shewed true judgment in consoling the neglected Wilson, that fame would yet do him justice if he would only wait till he had been dead a hundred years. Peter Pindar's pet aversions were Chamberlin, Chambers, Louthborough, and West, the last coming in for the bitterest outpourings of the poet's wrath:

The Holy Scripture says 'All flesh is grass;'
With Mr West, all flesh is brick and brass;
Except his horse-flesh—that, I fairly own,
Is often of the choicest Portland stone!

And again, reminding himself that he has promised to praise West's paintings, he proceeds to do so thus:

They'll make good floor-cloths, tailors' measures,
For table-coverings be treasures;
With butchers, form for flies most charming
flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of suds their linen scrub,
Make for the blue-nosed nymphs delightful
wrappers.

What he thought of the style of painting then in vogue in England, may be gathered from the last quotation we shall give from the once popular satirist:

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With every feather of his tail and wing,
Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild,
Fond of variety, a wayward child—
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But mind that every one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

I see at excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on China mugs are now surpassed,
Your sunsets yield not to brick walls nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives.
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she, ere long, will come and copy you!

In 1784, the Academy lost one of its brightest ornaments. Among the pictures sent in that year by Gainsborough was a portrait-group of princesses of the royal family, which he desired should be hung as low as possible. The hangers, however, possibly from causes over which they had no control, did not heed the request; and the artist at once wrote to have that and all his other works removed from the walls, which was done, and the pencil of the great painter never more helped to brighten the Academy exhibitions. In 1787, we have Mr Urban complaining of the falling-off in the quality of the works exhibited, owing to the unwillingness of artists to submit their best performances to the criticisms of the vulgar. Indeed, the institution seems to have been under a cloud for a time, and artists shewed little anxiety to become connected with it. Stubbs, the horse-painter, was elected, but declined to send in a diploma-picture, and was consequently superseded; and Wright of Derby insisted upon having his election as associate cancelled. A serious danger, too, soon menaced the Academy, threatening to sever its long-standing connection with the acknowledged prince of British painters. Since the death of the first Professor of Perspective, the office had been in abeyance, no academician being willing to accept it, and none but an academician being eligible. Reynolds deplored the loss of the lectures, and at an election of associates, secured, by his casting-vote, the success of the architect Bonomi, hoping to get him made an R.A. at the next vacancy, and so obtain an efficient Professor of Perspective. In 1792, the expected vacancy occurred, and much to the president's annoyance, Fuseli came forward as a candidate. When he applied to Sir Joshua for his vote, he was told that it was necessary for the interests of the Academy that Bonomi should be elected. Despite this, Bonomi was beaten by a large majority; and Reynolds immediately wrote to the secretary, resigning not only the presidential chair, but his academician's seat: 'As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as president, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I, therefore, now take my leave of the Academy, with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect for its members.' This untoward dispute caused no little dismay among the lovers of art outside the Academy walls. Gibbon was right in saying, no one would believe the president's enemies could be in the right: public feeling went with Reynolds. Nevertheless, the academicians made a show of accepting his resignation, and named the day for choosing his successor, in the face of the opposition of Barry, Opie, Northcote, Rigaud, Nollekens, and Zoffany. They thought better of it, however, and sent a deputation to Sir Joshua, to ask him to withdraw his letter; he acceded, and took his accustomed place the same evening.

It was fated to be an eventful year. When the president rose to deliver his annual Discourse before the members, students, and friends of the Academy, the flooring gave way, but fortunately was stopped before any damage was done, and the arts, in Britain, escaped being thrown back a couple of centuries, as Reynolds averred they would have been, had the floor fallen with its

distinguished freight. He concluded his Discourse with these words: 'I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony to my admiration of that great man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo.' The wish was a prophetic one; the speaker never again addressed the followers of the art he loved. He was shortly afterwards seized with the illness of which he died. When told there was no hope, he calmly replied: 'I have been fortunate in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine!' When all was over, Burke, Malone, and Metcalfe, thinking the Academy would be eager to shew every honour to its lost leader, proposed that the president's body should lie in state at Somerset House. To their indignation and surprise, Chambers, the architect, induced the council to see all sorts of difficulties in the way, and to resolve that all they could do was to put their servants into mourning, and close their doors until after the funeral. Burke, however, was not the man to be content with such a tribute to his dead friend; and West was persuaded to lay the matter before George III., who at once commanded Chambers, West, and three other academicians to wait upon the executors, and make the necessary arrangements. Accordingly, the night before the funeral, the body was taken to the Model Academy, which had been hung and lighted for the occasion; and the next day, all the members of the Academy followed their president to his resting-place in St Paul's Cathedral; but they formed but a part of the long procession of mourners, bent upon paying their last homage to the great artist and perfect gentleman, who, for four-and-twenty years, had held the highest post of honour in the world of British Art.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

It is now a good many years ago since I embarked at Gravesend on board the *Mahratta*, one of the ships belonging to a well-known firm trading with and carrying passengers to the East Indies.

I took my passage in the *Mahratta* for the purpose of rejoining my ship, one of the vessels of the lately abolished Indian navy, and from which I had been sent to England on sick-leave some nine months previously. The *Mahratta* was bound to Bombay; and looking back to the voyage now, I never remember to have had such a pleasant time on board any ship as the three months and odd days of that passage. The passengers, chiefly officers going out like myself to rejoin their regiments, were pre-eminently good-fellows; while the three ladies we had on board were all married, and accompanying their husbands out to the East, so there was none of that jealousy among the dozen young bachelors for the smiles of the fair, which I have seen on shipboard the fertile source of rows among impressive young cadets.

There were two or three youngsters on board who had just passed the examination necessary to enable them to aspire to a commission in one of the Honourable East India Company's line regiments—it was before the days of competitive examinations—and a fair sprinkling of conceited young cornets, who had just mounted their spurs,

and strutted about the deck with a step intended to make known the fact to the general public.

We had crossed the line; and having gone through the mystic nonsense considered by Jack to be 'the thing' in sailing from northern to southern latitudes, and *vice versa*, had got as far to the southward as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, when, one day, a sail hove in sight. There was a little mild excitement on board the *Mahratta*, as there generally is when you have been some weeks at sea; and in this instance, the interest was of a rather more than ordinary character, owing to the fact of our having track so far to the westward as to be out of the track of homeward-bound merchantmen, and yet, that the stranger was a homeward-bounder there could be no doubt from the course she was holding. Soon, it became evident that she was desirous of speaking, or otherwise communicating with us, for she altered her course a point or two, and 'bracing up' her yards, stood across our bows. Here was food for surmise; and forthwith speculation ran riot, chiefly among the ladies, as to what her intentions might be. Could they be strictly honourable?

Some of our youthful warriors, notably a tall, weedy-looking cornet of Milesian ancestry, opined that she was a pirate; and forthwith, after giving utterance to this view of the question, disappeared below into the cuddy; and when some of us followed him to his cabin, we found the dragoon in the act of cramming bullets down his rifle, he having already loaded his revolver, which, together with his long cavalry sword, lay ready for action on his 'bunk.' We all heartily laughed at him, and he bore the chaff with his wonted good-humour; but, as the event proved, the cornet was not so very far out in his calculations.

As we neared the strange sail, she hoisted British colours, and then signalled her wish to speak. We bore away a little, passing close under her stern. She was a large bark, but there was nothing striking or to cause alarm in her appearance; and she had only the ordinary complement of seamen for ships of her class. As the two vessels swept past each other, the captain of the stranger raised the speaking-trumpet he held in his hand to his mouth, and bellowed out: 'Take care. There is a suspicious bark-rigged craft knocking about a little to the southward. I passed her two days ago, and she chased me. Take care.—Good-bye.'

'Thank ye,' responded our captain.—'Good-bye;' and so the two vessels parted.

For a moment, the respective crews and passengers gazed with a curious sort of interest at each other and at their ships; and then, like travellers in a desert country, or casual acquaintances in life's path, saw no more of one another.

That night, indeed almost before the stranger had been lost to view below the horizon, all the indications a sailor knows so well how to interpret, portended the approach of 'dirty weather.' Black masses of clouds hung about the horizon heavy and threatening, while the warning mercury in the barometer fell, and continued falling with alarming rapidity. A heavy swell came rolling in upon the ship, which caused her to rock like a cradle; and yet, at the same time, not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like smoothness of the surface of the great rollers. This looked bad, and denoted that there was a strong breeze blowing somewhere, not a hundred miles off.

About half-past eight o'clock, the first gust of

the gale came upon us. With a mighty whiff, it bore down upon the ship; but it found her fully prepared, for the topsails were double-reefed, and the courses hauled up in order to obviate the possibility of our being taken aback—a great bugbear to seamen—from whatever quarter the wind might come. It blew very hard that night, and all recollections of the warning we had received from the strange vessel the previous day passed away from the minds of every person, even including the 'tall cornet,' who, to provide against the no less objectionable death by drowning, had encased himself in a capacious swimming-belt, and was to be seen standing on the poop, in immediate readiness to 'strike out,' directly he felt himself launched into the raging sea.

All the succeeding day, the gale raged, increasing towards noon in intensity, until it seemed as if the ship was drifting into the vortex of a cyclone. However, towards sundown it moderated a little, and continued to lessen as evening advanced.

The ship had strained herself a good deal, owing to the heavy cargo of railway-iron she had stowed in her hold, and it was found necessary to have recourse to continuous pumping.

At about three bells in the second 'dog-watch'—that is, half-past seven—the gale had moderated somewhat; and a reef was 'shaken out' of the fore and main topsails, while the mizzen-top-sail was set, also with one reef in it. The short twilight was fast giving place to what promised to be a very dark night; the wind, still blowing half a gale, brought up heavy clouds; and soon the rain commenced to pour in a thick blinding shower. It seemed, like a Scotch mist, to hide from view all objects a little beyond the end of the bowsprit; however, we were far out on the ocean, and there was little fear of such a *contre-temps* as a collision with another ship.

The wretched wet weather drove most of the passengers from the deck. I was standing conversing with the captain on some nautical point, when just as I was about to follow the others below, on a sudden, on the weather-bow, there stole out of the thick gloom like a spectre the form of a large bark. The attention of the captain and myself had been directed to this point, so we now sighted the strange ship simultaneously. An exclamation escaped my lips; while the captain, seeing the urgency of the danger, shouted out to the helmsman to let the ship fall off the wind a point or two. The *Mahratta* was on the starboard tack and close hauled; so, according to the 'rule of the road' at sea, it was clearly the duty of the bark, which was coming down across our bows with the wind quarterly, to swerve from her course, and allow us to stand on; however, to avoid the collision which might occur if her look-out had not espied us, the captain of the *Mahratta* took the initiative, and put his helm a-starboard. But no; our neighbour did not alter his course; and when he saw we were falling off the wind, bore away a couple of points also, and steered for us. The captain and I stood aghast.

By this time the noise on deck had drawn up the male passengers, who came crowding up to see what was in the wind. The question was, What ought to be done?

There, not more than a hundred yards distant, loomed vast and mountain-like the black hull and gleaming white sails of the stranger. All the passengers for a moment or so stood silent and

still, intently watching her approach. The ladies came up the companion-ladders, and, with pale faces and in trembling accents, asked what was the matter. But no one knew; only an indefinable sort of anxiety—I cannot justly call it fear, for men in the military profession are not supposed to be sensible of such a passion—seemed to pervade the assembled group. Suddenly some one in a loud whisper brought to the recollection of a friend the warning words of the ship recently spoken with—words so lately uttered, yet, like good advice, disregarded: ‘A bark-rigged craft a little to the southward,’ he said; adding, ‘she must be a pirate.’ This exactly expressed the view taken of it by all present, and when one man, a captain in the — Regiment, exclaimed: ‘I’ll get my arms,’ there was a rush below to their cabins by all.

‘Down helm hard!’ cried out our captain as he perceived that a collision was inevitable, for the bark, carrying more sail than we did—she had whole topsails set—overhauled the *Mahratta*, and bore right down on her amidsthips.

‘Turn the hands out; bring the arms on deck!’ shouted out the captain with all the power of his lungs, and those seamen on deck echoed the words below on to the sleeping-deck, while some sprang down the ladders to awaken their comrades, and arm themselves with any weapon that first came to hand.

A few anxious moments passed, while nearer and yet nearer to us drew the bark. We could distinctly hear the water as it boiled and churned under her forefoot, as she was driven through the water by the press of canvas she carried. Now she was almost upon us, and her great bows were descending upon the *Mahratta*, and would strike the devoted ship somewhere about her waist. Just then the gentlemen-passengers, with arms in their hands, and a large number of the crew also armed, made their appearance on deck.

The captain now bethought himself of what ought to have been done before, and he sang out: ‘Make sail; overhaul the fore and main gear.’ Half-a-dozen volunteers sprang forward; the ‘clue garnets’ were ‘let run;’ and the strong breeze itself overhauling the gear, belled out the great sails. But it was too late to prevent a collision, for the moment after, the bark struck us on the starboard quarter with a tremendous shock, her flying jib-boom striking in between the main and mizzen masts. At the same time, a crowd of men appeared swarming on her fore-castle, and many of our party afterwards averred that they were all armed.

As she struck the *Mahratta*, there was a great crashing sound aloft; while the spars and studding-sail booms and cordage became locked together in inextricable confusion. Then the stranger’s jib-boom bore against the mizzen-mast, and it seemed certain that the mast must go; but no—it stood the strain bravely.

There was a hurrying to and fro, as every man, preparing for the unknown danger that appeared to menace us, thought little of the shower of *débris* falling around, but pressed near the point where the torn bulwarks clearly denoted the spot on which the struggle would take place, did they attempt to board.

All this occupied scarcely thirty seconds; and almost before we had recovered from the shock occasioned by the collision, the old *Mahratta*—

gathering way through the pressure brought to bear upon her by the enormous field of canvas presented to the gale for the fore and main sails, both of which now ‘drew,’ owing to the blow on the quarter ‘canting’ her up into the wind—began to forge ahead, and quickly disencumbering herself of the stranger’s jib-boom, by breaking it short off ‘like a carrot,’ went ahead. Almost before we knew what was going to happen next, she shook off the bark altogether, and taking a preliminary header into the huge Atlantic roller that just then struck her a buffet on the bows, that caused her to reel again, and sent ‘a blue sea’ in a perfect flood over the decks as far as the taffrail, our good ship left her pursuer wallowing in the trough of the sea astern. All danger was over, and we had scarcely recovered from our amazement at the affair, when the bark disappeared in the gloom of night, astern, and we were left to our meditations and speculations.

All agreed, including the most ‘ancient mariner,’ who, on board ship, holds the honoured position of the ‘oldest inhabitant’ in a country village, that the strange vessel they had just encountered was a veritable pirate. Some among us averred that they had heard shouts and cries in divers languages, including Spanish and Greek, emanating from the crowd on her fore-castle; but that there was a crew far exceeding in number the complement of seamen usually carried by merchant-ships, and that the whole circumstance of the collision, which was, without doubt, premeditated, was one of those mysteries of the sea that sometimes occur, and are never unravelled—on these two points, all hands on board, including even the most sceptical, were agreed. I can neither give the reader any further information, nor throw any fresh light on this singular affair; and I will not so far trifle with his patience as to lay before him any of the surmises that were propounded round the cuddy-table during the following and many succeeding days as to the intentions of the mysterious stranger.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

A VERY small volume, lately published, begins with this curious statement, which seems to indicate that the patriarchal times are not so dead and gone as is generally supposed:

‘The Dowager Duchess of Athole of about a hundred and fifty years since resided at Moor Park, in Surrey. This lady was my grandmother.’ It is the Hon. Amelia Murray who is speaking: that British Bible, the *Peerage*, is not at hand, or we would number her years for our private satisfaction, although we hope we should know better than to make the information public. This lady justly imagines that her personal recollections of divers eminent folks, who are to most of us as much removed from the world of the living as Queen Anne, may not be without a general interest, and she has accordingly favoured us with a selection of them. It is as though one of those stately female figures, with high-heeled shoes and a hoop, which adorn the galleries of those who have had ancestors, should descend from its heavy gilded

frame, and introduce us to the rest of the ladies and gentlemen upon the wall.

Our authoress's family appears to have had something beside rank to recommend it. Mr Pitt granted a pension of three hundred pounds a year to her mother, and seventy pounds to each of her daughters while unmarried, in consideration of Lord George Murray's invention of the first telegraph—a series of shuttles—which was used during a long period of war. Her uncle, at a time (1809) when Sir Humphry Davy gave it as his opinion that it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London as to succeed in doing so with gas, established the first gasworks, and, like a genuine inventor, was ruined by it. They were an imprudent race by nature, I am afraid. Lord George at eighteen married his wife at fifteen; and the third son (Bishop of Rochester) was only eighteen years younger than his mother.

Miss Murray's recollections being placed in order of their occurrence, are of course miscellaneous and unconnected; but their very unexpectedness renders them the more startling. She remembers when fashionable folks gave card-parties, and even invited Scotch ladies to join them, on the Sabbath-day. She has seen highway robbers hanging in chains on Hounslow Heath. She recollects when Weymouth had Hanoverian cavalry careering over its sands, and was made a children's paradise by the kindness of old George III. and his queen. It was his delight to command a play at the little theatre, engage the whole dress-circle, and send round for all the young ones to fill it. Her portrait of the farmer-king is, on the whole, the pleasantest that has been presented to us. She has sat on his knee, and been charged by him, when she grew up, to wear a pocket—not the scanty dresses then in fashion, and in which there was no use at all. Yet, though the dresses were neither high enough nor low enough, 'it was oddly enough not considered delicate to uncover the forehead. Some young ladies, who had been abroad, were considered bold-looking, because they wore their hair Madonna fashion. Those not in their *première jeunesse* wore wigs.'

We had no idea that princesses were so sensible. 'Their Royal Highnesses had their heads shaved, and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening, to save time in the toilet.' Think of that, O Patresfamilias of the present day, who have so often to wait while the finishing-touches are being given to your daughters' heads! 'Widows almost always shaved their heads,' as the female Chinese do still in token of their bereavement. Lady George was lady-in-waiting to the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, and wore the Windsor uniform—which is now confined to gentlemen; it was a blue cloth habit, but only the length of a gown, with buttons and a star, and a scarlet collar. Miss Murray of course saw a great deal of the domestic life of royalty. It was not a very luxurious one. Even at Windsor Castle, luncheon was not then a general meal. The king's own beverage—termed king-cup, and generally patronised, we conclude, in

compliment to him—was a dreadful decoction of lemon and sugared water. Vails and perquisites were carried to absurd lengths. Candles were extinguished as soon as lit, and carried off by servants, as in badly managed inns; and pages were seen marching out before the royal family with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket. Queen Charlotte was as kind-hearted and simple as her husband. She used to tell the child, who is now repeating them, the queerest anecdotes of her early years. 'The English public did not like me much, because I was not pretty; but the king was fond of driving a phaeton in those days; and once he overturned me in a turnip-field, and dat fall broke my nose. I think I was not quite so ugly after dat.'

She was simple, but much more sensible than most queens. 'Lady Henderland was one of my ladies. She was left to sit with me in the evening, when the king went to business at nine o'clock. I sat, and the good lady sat, and we both got very tired. At last, Lady Henderland said: "Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that I must wait till your Majesty dismisses me?"—"O good, my lady," I said, "why did you not tell me dat before?"'

Once, when the king was reviewing the volunteers in Kent, she received the following compliment:

'I was in a tent. There was a sentinel, but I suppose he was looking at something else; an old Kentish woman, in a red cloak, made her way in, and stood staring at me with her arms akimbo. At last she said: "Well, she is not so ugly as they told me she was."—"Well, my good woman," I replied, "I am very glad of dat."'

The old king, as everybody knows, was a stanch churchman; but he would never join in the Athanasian Creed, and always shut his book up whenever it was read. The queen found the British Sabbath rather *triste*. 'My dears,' she said, speaking upon this subject, 'what is *work* to one may be *rest* to another. If I read all day, my poor eyes get tired. I do not like to go to sleep, so I lock my door (dat nobody may be shocked), and take my knitting for a little while, and then I can read my good books again.'

The royal family (male) swore as hard as the troops in Flanders. Lady George had to request the Duke of Clarence to moderate his language in the presence of her little boy, and he did so. And Queen Adelaide, it seems, induced King William to give up swearing altogether. Independently of this practice, people of the highest rank got drunk in those days, and were very coarse and vulgar. Lord Eldon, as is well known, was neither delicate nor sober. 'It once happened that he and the Archbishop of Canterbury (Manners Sutton) were dining with the king. The first-named became rather communicative—merry over his port. At last, he said: "It is a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Majesty's Lord Chancellor both married clandestinely. I had some excuse; for Bessy Surtees was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle; but Mrs Sutton was always

the same pumpkin-faced thing she is at present." Eldon and his brother, Sir W. Scott, were exceedingly parsimonious, as their wives were likewise. 'At the conclusion of a week's visit in a large house, Lady Scott came down to her hostess with arms extended, carrying a huge number of towels. "Madam, look here!" she said. "I think it my duty to make you aware of the extravagance of your housemaids; day after day, I have locked up useless towels that have been put in mine and Sir William's rooms: yet they were always replaced. Look at all this linen, ma'am!—towel upon towel, and during all this week *one* has served us both." Lord Eldon's daughter told Miss Murray that she and her mother had only one bonnet between them; and at the time of a court mourning, she saw 'the piece of tape which the Lord Chancellor had himself enclosed to his daughter, telling her to measure carefully the length of her petticoat, that there might be no unnecessary waste in the bombazine.'

In 1811, the Princess of Wales was very popular, but her own conduct alienated even her warmest supporters. At some house near Woolwich, Miss Murray's brother (who had himself helped to give her an ovation at the Opera a few days before) beheld her 'in a gorgeous dress, looped up to show her petticoat, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee.'

These *Recollections** are of course most gorgeous, if not most interesting, in 1814, when the allied sovereigns came to London. The lodgment of their Majesties and the other eminent guests was found to be a matter of greater difficulty than even last year. The Hetman Platoff and his twelve Cossacks were accommodated by Lord James Murray in Cumberland Place, and a pretty mess they made there. The Cossacks, it seems, for one thing, 'preferred the hall and staircases to more refined shelter.'

A curious account is given of the Princess Charlotte's courtship by her two lovers, the Prince of Orange, her first swain, and Prince Leopold of Coburg, who afterwards became her husband. 'I have strong reason to believe that it was through a Russian intrigue that she had been thrown in the way of the handsomest prince in Germany. It did not suit Russian views that England and Holland should be so closely united. The Grand Duchess Catherine of Oldenburg came to this country, I verily believe, for the purpose of putting a spoke into that wheel. She took a hotel in Piccadilly, and earnestly sought the acquaintance of Miss Elphinstone, who was known to be on intimate terms with the princess. She gave grand dinners, and took care to invite the Prince of Orange the night he was to waltz in public with the princess as her fiancé. The grand duchess plied him well with champagne, and a young man could hardly refuse the invitations of his hostess: he was made tipsy, and of course the princess was disgusted. Then, in Miss Elphinstone's apartments, the charming Prince Leopold was presented. Some months afterwards, when a bouquet which contained orange-flowers was offered to her, the princess took them out, and flinging them away, exclaimed: 'None of these, thank you.' Neither a maidenly nor a delicate action, as it seems to

us. Even Miss Murray—naturally enough, to some extent, a praiser of old times—is obliged to acknowledge that they were very coarse ones. 'Princess Sophia told me once that she had seen her two eldest brothers, when they were boys of thirteen and fourteen, held by their arms to be flogged like dogs, with a long whip.' It is quite possible not to spare the rod, and yet to spoil the child; and we all know what came of that vigorous educational system.

The little volume is most interesting, but the pleasantest feeling it inspires is, that the manners and customs it portrays have been exchanged for the better.

THE MOLE.

You've seen along a breezy down,
Where the lone plover whirls and whistles,
Below some sun-scorched rolling bluff,
All gold with gorse, and rough with thistles,

A line of little heaps of earth,
Newly upheaved, and sifted fine—
They shew that there the lawyer-mole
Has dug his subterranean line.

Moles seek not what the eagle seeks,
But worms and other humble fare;
Nor as the restless epicure,
Exploring sea and searching air.

Like them, our Diplomatic moles
Cast up their heaps of useless words,
That take a century's toil to clear—
The brave men's hands, the brave men's swords.

Ay, in the very monarch's room,
Your earth-heaps rise, and still keep rising;
As waves chase waves, those dirt-heaps grow
With useless vigour quite surprising.

For, down beneath our heedless feet,
A ceaseless mischief burrowing works
The growing troubles, that will bring
Such lashings as slaves get from Turks,

For some of us: yet, honest souls,
Take comfort—for the eagle flies
Sunward for ever, while the mole
Gropes in the dark, and without eyes.

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